

# RIVALS: A COMEDY.

---

Acted by His Highnes the  
Duke of York's Servants

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Licensed according to the Statute in 1668.

Roger L'Estrange

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LONDON,

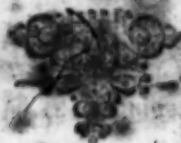
Printed for William Cademan, at the Pope's Head in  
the Lower Walk of the New Exchange. 1668.

# RIVALS A COMEDY

As acted by His Highness the  
Duke of York's Servants

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**DUPLICATE**

Printed by  
J. L. Widdowes



LONDON

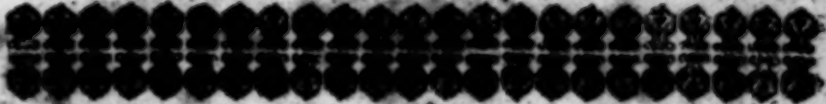
Printed for William Cadogan  
the Lower Walk of the Strand



## The Actors Names.

|           |   |                       |
|-----------|---|-----------------------|
| Arcon     | <i>The Prince of Arcadia.</i>           | <i>Mr. Young.</i>     |
| Polynices | <i>His General.</i>                     | <i>Mr. Smith.</i>     |
| Provost   | <i>Mr. and keeper of the Cittadel.</i>  | <i>Mr. Sandford.</i>  |
| Theocles  | <i>Rivals to the Prince's Heraclia.</i> | <i>Mr. Harris.</i>    |
| Philander |   | <i>Mr. Betterton.</i> |
| Cunopes   | <i>The Provost's Man.</i>               | <i>Mr. Underhil.</i>  |
| Heraclia  | <i>Niece to the Prince.</i>             | <i>Mrs. Shadwel.</i>  |
| Celania   | <i>Daughter to the Provost.</i>         | <i>Mrs. Davis.</i>    |
| Leucippe  | <i>Celania's Maid.</i>                  | <i>Mrs. Long.</i>     |

Attendants and Guards.







THE  
RIVALS.

Act First.

Enter Arcon, Polynices, and  
Souldiers as from Victory.

Arcon.



He Tyrant's high designs found ill success;  
'Twas not so easy as he fondly hop'd,  
To make this Country subject to his pow'r,  
By Violence.

Polyn. Sir, he presump'd,  
That your *Assassins* were grown weak  
with ease;

And Love had soften'd us to Cowardice.

Arcon. But he has found the heat of Love in them,  
Had not so stiff'd all their sparks of Valour,  
But that they still retain'd enough to make  
A Lightning which did blast his spreading pow'r.

Polyn. And that they had not so much Courage lost,  
Amongst the Myrdes, as not to deserve  
A Victor's Laurel: Though they seem inclin'd  
Only to Pastoral delights, yet when

They

19

*Pain.* Your Justice lies in *Hercules* his death,  
Rise more splendid in his being yet.  
He was a most unbanded Tyrant, Sir;  
And though his actions in the bloody VVar  
Merited Life, yet his precedent deeds,  
Deserv'd a death more infamous then that,  
Your Sword vouchsaf'd him. Yet 'twas Justice in you  
And you derive a Lustre from his Crime.  
His blackness makes your Glory the more bright,  
Thus darkness alwayes ushers in the Light.

A Grave contains him, that built a Throne,  
Grasping at others' Crowns, he lost his own.  
But, Where's the *Friend* of our Citadel?

Polyn. He guards the prisoners hither. The old Man-  
Is valiant to a Miracle: He fought as if he  
Reinforc'd his aged blood,  
And gather'd life by taking it from Enemies.

*Emer. Provost, with Theocles and Philander,  
AN LIVING SYMBOL: Professors and Guards.*

Arise, Welcom brave Man, When Chronicle's enough  
For thy deserts? The actions of thy age  
Shall keep thy memory from growing old,  
Thy Worth which seem'd declining has broke out  
With such surprizing Splendor in the field  
As dazzl'd all our Eyes who did behold it,  
We now have nothing else left but Wonder  
To entertain thy Merits.

*Prov.* Royal Sir,  
Supported by the Justice of your Cause;  
I might do things perhaps beyond my age,  
But we're out-doe my duty. I owe more,  
To this my Country and your sacred Person,  
Than my exhausted blood or life can pay.

*Arcon.* The Tempest is dispell'd, now thou shalt see  
In a full glory which no future cloud,  
Or storm of War shall ever Over-cast,  
Thou shalt wear out the Remnant of thy days  
In peace. Th'Invader of our Country's dead;

*Prov.* But how shall these his kinsmen be dispos'd,  
Who did so long support his reeling Cause,  
Whose Valour oft restor'd their army's strength,  
By letting ours bleed?

*Arcon.* They are Gallant Spirits;  
Treat 'em as Pris'ners, but as Noble ones.  
I pity their Engagements in this War,  
Who never own'd the Tyranny that Can'd in;  
Their Valour seem'd distracted in the fight,  
As if they did desire to save the person  
Of *Harpagus*, and yet disgust his Cause.  
Their Courage was inflam'd with Loyalty  
To him, but quench'd with pity towards us.

*Prov.* They kill'd  
With such regret, as if they did embrew  
Their Swords in blood to blush for those they slew.

*Arcon.* How are they call'd?

*Prov.* One is call'd *Thucellus*,  
Th'other *Philander*.

*Polyn.* This is that *Thucellus*, who in reward  
Of what he pleas'd to praise in me as Valour,  
Rescu'd my Life when I was Pris'ner tane  
By his own Troop, and gave me liberty,  
A debt which I will strive to pay.

*Arcon.* They are not wounded much?

*Prov.* Not mortally;  
But yet their wounds are not Contemprible.

*Arcon.* Let 'em have Noble usage; Summon all  
Our Surgeons to their Cure; Their Lives concern us  
Much more then Millions do of Common folk.  
I value pris'ners of their quality  
Too much to let 'em Captives be to death.  
Yet *Provost* let their persons be secur'd

1<sup>th</sup> Citadei, till we give further order.

*Prev.* Sir I shall obey.

*My Lords*, I am sorry I must guard you both  
Into restraint: But 'tis my Prince Commands,  
I shou'd convey you to the Citadel.

*Thro.* Lead on Sir, we have seen the Cruelty  
Of *Harpagus* to others, and have learnt  
By Eye-sight how to undergo Misfortunes.  
The Tides of blood shed by our Cruel Uncle  
Has our Compassion so much wasted, even  
For strangers, that we scarce have any left  
Now for our selves, we can with patience bear  
Imprisonment or death.

*Phila.* We have so often mourn'd when we were free,  
That we can smile at our Captivity.

[*Exit Provest, Theocles, Philander, and Guard.*]

*Arcan.* They have almost melted my Severity  
Into compassion.

*Polyn.* I'm full of pity, Sir, for *Theocles*.

*Arcan.* But why not for *Philander* too?  
He seems as full of Merit.

*Polyn.* *Theocles* is he,  
Who from the oppression of a Multitude  
In the late battaile rescu'd me from death,  
And checking the oppressor's Violence,  
In such a Cowardly and base assault  
Dismiss'd me, not discovering his name,  
Making his Courtesy the more obliging  
By his not owning it.

*Arcan.* I have heard you speak of it. 'Twas bravely done.

[*Enter Heraclia, and her Women.*]

*Polyn.* The Princess, Sir.

*Arcan.* Where is she? My return is yet so new  
I have not seen her.

*Polyn.* She's Entring, Sir.

*Hera.* What welcom shall give vent  
To my Excess of Joy for your return. [*for Kneels.*]

*Arcan.* Rise dearest Niece, we have fought hitherto  
For Liberty, and to preserve your Knees  
From such a disobliging posture; as  
Too much resembles bondage. You must rise. [*lifts her up.*]

*Hera.* Your presence brings me a Transport of bliss  
Proportion'd to the fears your absence caus'd.

As if that passion had instructed this

*Arcon.* Cou'd you then fear?

How cou'd your Innocence so much distrust

The Justice of our cause, as to admit

A jealousy or doubt of the success?

*Hera.* Fear's ever Creolous. I know not but

Some Sword ambitious of the blood of Princes

Might drink too deep of yours (although at ebb)

Leaving your Orphan-Subjects to be drown'd

In floods of Tears occasion'd by your fall,

Weeping their own th' Prince's funeral.

*Polyn.* How seriously she recollects a storm

Rais'd by her fancy or at most but th' sea's

And talks her Eyes into a real shower.

*Arcon.* How strangely does her Love reveal it self

She (Since her Joyes with violent Supply

Silence her Tongue) wou'd speak 'em with her Eyes.

*Hera.* But since Y're safe return'd, Why shou'd I weep

Strange Joyes! Which do in Tears their Rerch keep.

Since all your Country now enjoys it's peace,

The Conflict of my passions here shall cease.

Noble *Polynices* I justly am Transported

But shall soon return to you with praise,

When in Fames-Temple I've intron'd

The Prince, then give you those respects

Which you for Loyalty and valour have deserv'd.

*Polyn.* Though my Merits were

As great as may deserve your notice, Madam,

Yet they are no more then what may still be nam'd

My duty.

*Hera.* But Royal Sir, your own Joyes seem

Clonded with some thing that resembles grief.

*Arcon.* I much rejoyce in that felicity

Our Subjects from the Victory derive;

But that exempts me not from discontent

Whilst I foresee the posture of my Throne,

When I Expire. No remnant of my blood

Shall ere survive th' Intermment of my bones

Or Solemnize my burial with a Tear

Of Kin to those my aged Eyes let fall.

Had I a Child, my Joyes would then be full,

Which now prove Empty and not worth a Smile.

*Hera.* Wave, Sir, such melancholy thoughts; They prove

But wings to death: Those who so oft reflect



Upon their end come soonest thither.  
They thereby grow disconsolate, and thus  
Live out their dayes faster then other men.

*Arcon.* What other object may serve my thoughts.

*Felza.* Think rather Sir, on that Solemnity  
Which by th' *Arabian* Customers is observ'd  
In honour of your Birth-day, and a still  
With so much Lustre celebrated here  
'Tis as 't were day-break to all the Year.

*Hera.* That day shall still retrieve you from the Grave,  
And when one day i'th Year shall put on black  
To mourn your loss, the sight and Solemn shows  
Which intimate your death; shall to be drown'd  
I'th Annual Joyes, wherein we still express  
Your happy Birth, that it shall still be said  
You are new born and not that you are dead.

*Arcon.* You have almost persuaded me to lay  
These tedious thoughts aside.

*Hera.* Your Birth-day, Sir,  
Comes as a Triumph to your Victory.  
Your happy Birth you shall see Solemniz'd  
With greater Splendor by the Tyrant's death.  
They are preparing for the Celebration.

*Arcon.* You have prevail'd; I am resolv'd to lessen  
My thoughts of War, by this Solemnity.  
Thus Fields of Blood may as to Gardens bring  
As furious Winter ushers in the Spring.

*Enter Philander, and Theocles, walking on*

*The Tarras in the Citadel.*

*Philan.* The Provost does oblige us by permitting  
The freedom of this walk upon the Tarras.

*Theo.* Cosin, How d'you? I am concern'd  
So much in your wisht health that I enquire  
After my own exactly from your pulse.

*Phi.* I'm strong enough I hope for Misery.  
Although I fear, we are for ever prisoners.

*Theo.* My thoughts are of the same complexion too,  
Our fears do Sympathize, just like our Loves.

*Philan.* O, Cosin *Theocles*, How are we lost?  
Where are our kindred, friends and Country now,  
Those comforts we shall never meet agen.

No more shall we behold the games of Honour  
Where Youth (with painted favours hung



Like tall Ships under Sail y<sup>e</sup> striving for name,  
Rival each others glory, VVe no more  
Like twins of honour e're part, our lives are but a breath,  
Our arms agen. Our Swords which Lighten'd in  
The peoples Eyes, must now like Trophy's hang  
To deck the Temples of the Gods that hate us,  
And signify our ruine and defeat.

*Thos.* Our hopes are pris'ners with us, we review  
Our former happiness in vain. Our Youth  
Too soon will wither into age, and prove  
Like a too timely Spring, abortive. Here  
(Which more afflict us) we shall both expire  
Unmarried; No imbraces of a VVife,  
Loaden with Kisses and a thousand *Capers*  
Shall ever clasp our necks, no illug knowings,  
No figures of our selves shall we e're see  
To glad our age, and like young Eagles) reach  
To look against bright arms.

*Phila.* No more shall we e're hollow to our *Hollows*  
VVhich shook the aged Forrest with their Echo,  
All pleasures here shall perish, and as fall  
(VVhich is the Curse of Honour,) VVe shall  
Children of grief and ignorance.

*Enter Celania and Leucippe at a Window.*

*Lenc.* This Window, Madam, looks into the Terrace, it is  
VVhere they are walking, you may over-hear  
All their discourse (the Curtain being clos'd)  
VVithout discovery.

*Cela.* Their looks betray  
No great dejection at their Misery.

*Thos.* Though our Misfortunes are as black as midnight,  
I see two Comforts rising. We may here  
Exercise patience, and enjoy each other.

*Phila.* being with me I can ne're  
Think this a Prison.

*Phila.* Co'sin, 'tis most true,  
That our Misfortunes are together twist'd  
VVhich to our Misery brings some redress,  
Affliction thus by sprea'king becomes less,  
Our Mutual Society will teach us  
Tounder-go what heav'n in Wrath design'd,  
And never weep for necessary fate,  
That Man is free, who bondage bravely bears;  
But he, who sink himself, who swims in Tears.

*Cela.*

*Cela.* How sweetly they express themselves! *Lamp.* Trust me me-thinks their VVords might melt the stones and make their passage through the Pillars VVall.

*Leteny.* Let's listen Madam!

*Thrs.* Shall we make worthy uses of this place VVhich all men hate so much.

*Philas.* How Colin Theates?

*Thrs.* VVhat can we want?

VVealth we need none, we are each other's mine; Each other's VVife, begetting every hour New births of Love, we're Father, Friends, Acquaintance, VVe are in one another Family's. I am your heir and you are mine, this place Is our inheritance, and no oppressor Dare take this from us. Here with Patience VVe may live long. No furies seek us here.

*Philas.* Here no man falls by the rude hand of VVarr, And by his groans self kills the next with fear. Nor shall the Sea's here swallow up our Youth.

*Cela.* How they forget their Misery! They brook Affliction with so smooth a brow, they seem Pictures of Patience, and draw in Oyle.

*Thrs.* VVere we at liberty and unconfin'd, A VVife might disfigure us lawfully, Bus'ness divide us.

*Phil.* Or I might sicken, Colin VVhere you should never know it, and so perish VVithout your Noble hand to close my eyes.

*Celan.* VVhat charming language his affection speaks! VVhat kindness would he to a VVoman show That is enamour'd on his kinsman so? How happy were a Maid which thou'd receive So sweeter assurances of Love?

*Phila.* I'm almost wangan with Captivity, VVhat Misery it is to live abroad, And every where? Me-thinks 'tis like a Beast: I here enjoy a Court: I'm sure I find A greater satisfaction.

*Thrs.* What had we bin; Had we grown aged in our Uncle's Court? Where Sin was Justice, Lust and Ignorance The commendable Virtues of great men. Had not the loving Gods found this place for us We shou'd ha' dy'd as they did, old men.

Without

Without the Charity of one man's Tear  
But with their Epitaphs, the peoples Carcer

Enter Canopus

Canop. Gentlemen, the Clock has struck.

Phil. Cofin, our time of walking is expir'd;  
We must submit to this Man's Insolence.

Canop. What haste you make?

Theo. Well Cofin, let's retire,  
We'll sing our cares a sleep, and then to Bed.

Canop. You will a time for Catches in your Chamber. [Exit Theo]

Cela. Hard-hearted Canopus; How could'st thou have  
So little Mercy?

Lenc. Madam, I have power  
To make him much more civil

Cela. What's your meaning?

Lenc. He is in Love with me.

Cela. In Love with thee?

Lenc. Yes, Madam, Have you not observ'd his looks  
And Carriage towards me of late?

Cela. Now I remember I have seen him Smile,  
And shew you more respect than he was wont;  
But I am indispos'd to entertain  
The Cause of Mirth or Scorn. I weep to think  
The Gentlemen are so ill treated.

Lenc. So much concern'd? I guess what wind blows up  
This show'r, they both deserve to be belov'd  
Madam, may I know which you've pitch'd upon?

Celan. What is thy meaning Wench?

Lenc. Nay, ne'r conceal it,  
I know by the distilling of your Eyes  
There's fire underneath. Madam, confefs.

Cela. Confefs? What? prethee!

Lenc. Which of the Gentlemen  
May boast the Conquest? Which do you affect?

Cela. I affect, both of e'm they are a pair  
In whom the World is rich.

Lenc. Love both of them?  
I have so much Experience in Love  
To know then, that it must be neither.

Celan. Well!

Suppose I'm inclin'd to one of them,  
Am I oblig'd to tell you which it is?

C

Love

Love is a grief of which few e're had Cause,  
To boast, and Love is boasted when reveal'd.

*Lenc.* Is Love a Crime, that it must be conceal'd?

*Cela.* Love may grow cold when publick it becomes;  
Flames best preserve their heat in Lessor roomes.

[*Exeunt.*

## The Second Act.

*Enter Arcon, Polynices, and Provost.*

*Arcon.* To what does all this mediation tend?  
Why shou'd you intercede for *Theocles*.

*Polyn.* Sir, Since I owe my liberty and life  
To his unequall'd Generosity,  
Inable me to pay him with his own.

*Arcon.* That were to give him a Capacity  
Of making new attempts upon our peace;  
The Tyrant's Subjects animated by  
The presence of a person so renown'd,  
Will undertake revenge.

*Polyn.* You may secure your self by Articles.

*Prov.* Or set him free  
Upon condition, that he shall with speed  
*Arcadia* leave, and never more return.

*Polyn.* His noble Nature will so well resent  
Your Clemency, he'l easily obey,  
And stifle all desires to be reveng'd  
In grateful recollections of your Love.

*Arcon.* But whil't for *Theocles* you freedome ask,  
You seem forgetful of that Solitude,  
By which *Philander's* strict confinement will  
Become to him more insupportable.

*Polyn.* You may give him some hopes of Liberty.

*Prov.* Upon a Ransom that may correspond  
To so much worth as he is owner of.

*Arcon.* *Polynices*, Your suit is granted. Set *Theocles*  
Free from prison: But forbid him  
E're to return to *Arcadia*.  
So he his Liberty enjoys, and we  
From Jealousies of new attempts are free.

*Provost,*

*Prevost*, take order for his Liberty.

*Polyn.* But let him still remain in ignorance  
Who 'twas procur'd it, as he rescu'd me,  
Yet kept his name and quality conceal'd  
Leaving me to admire, not thank my Friend.

*Arcon.* But let *Philander* not so soon receive  
The news of my resolves; I first will see  
With what reluctancy he shall resent  
The others loss and his Imprisonment.

*Prev.* I shall obey, Sir.

[*Exeunt*;

*Enter Heraclia, and Celania,*  
*severally.*

*Hera.* Welcome *Celania*: I must give you thanks  
For your kind Visit.

*Cela.* Madam, I am happy  
To have the privilege of waiting on you,  
Your thanks will make me proud.

*Hera.* Your company  
Does merit more. How oft have I receiv'd  
A respite from the pressure of those fears  
Which did present me with the chance of War  
And my dear Uncle's hazard, by your Talk,  
Your sweet Converse? I have forgot the thoughts  
Of Trumpets, and the Musick of your voice  
Has charm'd me to forget all threatening sounds.

*Cela.* My duty did instruct me to divert  
Your troubles, Madam, by concealing mine.  
I often have spoke fearless of the Warr,  
When my own thoughts have been in Mutiny,  
And my heart bandy'd between hope and dread  
For my dear Father.

*Hera.* But *Celania*;  
I hear there are two Pris'ners (whose repate  
Fame speaks with great advantage) very lately  
Committed to your Father's Custody.

*Cela.* There are such, Madam.

*Hera.* How do they support  
Their strict confinement?

*Cela.* With such Constancy  
As if they had forgot they e're were free:  
'Tis Pity that they are in prison, and pity  
They shou'd be out. I over-heard their



Mutual discourse, which does discover  
A patience, that wou'd make adversity  
Aham'd. The prison's proud of 'em. They turn  
Their Misery to Mirth. They have all the VWorld  
VVithin their Chamber. Though the prison seems  
To mourn for their restraint, 'tis Holyday to look on 'em.

*Hera.* Are they both alike  
So unconcern'd in their unhappines,  
That neither of 'em e're does yeild a sigh,  
To hint out some reflections upon what they have bin?

*Cela.* Sometimes one of 'em perhaps  
VVill unawares vent a divided sigh,  
Martyr'd as 'twere in the delivery,  
VVhich strait the other does so calmly chide  
And then so sweetly, comforts him, who sigh'd it,  
That I cou'd almost VVish my self a sigh,  
To be so chid; or at the least a sigher  
To be so comforted.

*Hera.* But what can he  
Reply in vindication of himselfe?

*Cela.* He strait redeems the Error of that sigh,  
By singing, which he does to that degree  
Of ravishing that even the Prison-VVal  
(VVhich only Eccho other's Misery)  
Bear a part in's Musicks, and (as if  
They were in Love with whatso'e he sings)  
Repeat his Notes agen.

*Hera.* But does he not  
Sometimes let fall a Tear as well as sigh?

*Cela.* Though Tears (when wept by you in time of VVar  
For your dear Uncle's peril) seem'd to be  
re'freshing showres let fall upon your cheeks  
To make the Roses look more faire; yet they  
VVou'd seem too much Effeminate in him,  
They VVon'd like Mildew, taint his blooming Youth  
And stain his Courage: Therefore still his Eyes,  
Like Sunns dry up that Dew befor's it falls.

*Hera.* She loves him sure? ——— Ife try her.  
You cannot tell, how long the Cittadel  
Shall be their Prison?

*Cela.* Madam, are they like to be remov'd?

*Hera.* I left my Uncle  
Together with the General and Provost  
In consultation, how they shou'd dispose



O'th pris'ners: and amongst the rest of these  
*Polymest* employs his Interest  
 For the release of one, that he may make  
 Retaliation for the Liberty  
 He gave him, when oppress'd by Multitudes,  
 In some Encounter.

*Cela.* Shall one be releas'd?

*Hera.* 'Tis very probable.

*Cela.* Good Madam which?

*Hera.* I suppose *Theocles*.

*Cela.* That pleases me. And yet I know not why  
 I wish the other better, yet me thinks  
 I'm glad he shall a pris'ner still remain:  
 I willingly cou'd wish his happy state  
 Yet seem to hope he'l rest unfortunate.

*Hera.* She likes the news, yet seems not fully pleas'd;  
 I'll try her further! *Theocles* shall be  
 Acquitted, but it is presum'd the other  
 (being too considerable to be freed)

VVill

*Cela.* Do what Madam?

*Hera.* Dye.

*Cela.* Dye?

*Hera.* Have I found you?

Dye? Yes *Celania*. You are naught concern'd  
 Whether he Dye or Live.

*Cela.* Madam, 'tis true;  
 And yet alas I know not what I am.  
 I find a lively advocate within  
 That wou'd not have him dye: I must withdraw,  
 Or else I shall betray my Passion.

*Hera.* *Celania*! You are grown thoughtful.

*Cela.* Madam, I'm scarce recover'd from the fears  
 Begot by the late War. My Company  
 VVill be but troublesome. Your goodness will  
 Pardon my too abrupt departure.

[Exit.]

*Hera.* She is too visibly in Love: Alas  
 I have deceiv'd her into too much fear:  
 I willingly cou'd undeceive her now.  
 But she'l soon find the fallacy. I'll take  
 A turn i'th' Garden whose kind Walks and Air,  
 Make the Evenings oft to me delightful prove  
 She's scorch'd i'th' fiery Element of Love,

[Exeunt.]

Enter

*Enter Philander, and Theocles, (as in the  
Balcony, walking in the Palace-Garden.)*

*Phila.* Is there Record of any two that lov'd  
Better then we do, Cofin?

*Theo.* There cannot be,

*Phil.* Our friendship is by long continuance  
Become so ardent and Invincible,  
And by our resolution so confirm'd  
I think it is beyond the power of time  
Or any Accident e're to infringe it.

*Theo.* Our Love's bright fire has bin preserv'd so long,  
The flame is (like the Vestals) sacred grown,  
Which nothing e're can violate or quench.

*Phila.* Nothing but death: And, Cofin, after death  
Our spirits shall be led to those that love  
Eternally. Free from allay of flesh;  
Our Love shall be refin'd to that degree  
Of purity, that it shall kindle us  
Into one Constellation, by whose Rayes  
Surviving Friendship's shall be so inflam'd,  
They shall not languish, or know how to dye.

*Enter Heraclia, and Cleone, in the Garden.*

*Theo.* Cofin, Why proceed you not?

*Hera.* What flower is this?

*Cleone.* 'Tis call'd *Narcissus*, Madam.

*Hera.* That was a pretty, but a foolish Boy,  
To loose himself. Were there not Maids enow?

*Theo.* Pray forward.

*Hera.* Or were they all hard-hearted?

*Cleone.* They cou'd not be to one so fair.

*Hera.* Thou wou'dst not?

*Cleo.* I think I shou'd not, Madam.

*Theo.* Will you proceed, Cofin?

*Hera.* Canst thou not work such flowers in silk, Wench?

*Cleo.* Yes.

*Hera.* They will shew rarely on a Valence.

*Theo.* Cofin! Cofin? How d'ye?

*Phil.* Never till now was I a pris'ner.

*Theo.* VVhy, VVhat's the matter?

*Phil.* Behold and VVonder! She is not mortal! sure!

*Theo.* Ha!

*Phil.*

*Phil.* She is divine, and now the Sun draws low,  
Comes to revive the drooping flowers, and make  
Them ( like her self ) Immortal , by the beams  
Proceeding from her Eyes.

*Hera.* Of all the Flowers me thinks a Rose is best.

*Cleo.* VVhy, Gentle Madam?

*Hera.* Because it is the Emblem of a Maid,  
For when she's gently by the VVest-VVind woo'd,  
How modestly she blows, with a complexion  
Made up of smiles and blushes; when the North  
Comes near, impatient then , like Chastity  
She locks her Beauties in her Bud agen,  
And leaves him then to blow on nought but Bryars.

*Cleo.* Yet good Madam,  
Sometimes her Modesty will bloom so far  
She falls for't : which a Maid of any Honour  
VWill hardly Imitate.

*Hera.* Thou art grown VVanton!

*Theo.* She's very fair.

*Phila.* She's all the Beauty extant.

*Hera.* The Sun is set. Lets walk in: Keep the flowers  
To see how near Art can resemble them.

[ *Ex.*

*Phila.* Might not a Man well lose himself and Love her?

*Theo.* I cannot tell what you have done, I have;  
Beswore my eyes for't: now I feel my Bondage.

*Phi.* You love her then?

*Theo.* Who would not?

*Phi.* I saw her first.

*Theo.* VVhat if you did? That poor pretence will prove  
Too weak. There's no priority in Love:  
I saw her too.

*Phil.* Yes, but you must not love her.

*Theo.* I will not, as you do, to VVorship her  
As she's divine; I love her, to enjoy her  
As she's a Woman: and thus both may love.

*Phila.* You shall not love at all.

*Theo.* Who shall deny me?

*Phila.* I that first took possession with my Eyes  
Of all those Beauty's, which in her reveal  
Themselves to Mortals: If thou entertain't  
A hope to blast my VVishes, *Theocles*,  
Thou art as false as is thy Title to her;  
If thou dar't love her, I disclaim all bonds  
Of Love and Friendship.

*Theo.*

*Theo.* Sir, I must Love her,  
 If that can shake *Philander* off, adieu  
 I say, agen, I love; and will maintain,  
 I have as just a Title to her Beauty,  
 As any man who dares pretend a claim.  
 Let me deal coldly with you. Are not we  
 Of the same blood? Have not our Souls Combin'd  
 (As 'twere in Correspondence with our blood)  
 To twist us into one by Friendship?

*Phil.* Yes.

*Theo.* Am I not lyable to those affections  
 And passions, unto which my Friend's expos'd?

*Phila.* You may be.

*Theo.* Why would you so unkindly deal;  
 To love alone? Speak truly, Do you think me  
 Unworthy of her sight?

*Phil.* No, but unjust, if thou pursue that sight

*Theo.* Because another first sees the Enemy, shall I  
 Stand still and never charge?

*Phila.* Yes, if he be but one.

*Theo.* What if that one had rather Combat me?

*Phila.* Let that one tell me so, and use thy freedom;  
 But otherwise thou art a Monster, black  
 As Guilt can make thee.

*Theo.* You are Mad, *Philander*.

*Phil.* I must be so; till thou art Worthy, *Theocles*?

*Theo.* Fy Sir, you play the Child extremely, I must  
 Dare and ought to love her.

*Phil.* O that now Indulgent Fortune  
 Wou'd vouchsafe us Swords,  
 And one hour's freedom, to dispute thy claim.  
 I'll make thee soon recant it. Put thy head,  
 Once more without this Window, and I'll nail thy life  
 To't.

*Theo.* Alas! your fury threatens, what  
 You are too Impotent to act, *Philander*.  
 But put my head out! To advance your rage  
 I'll cast my body down into her arms,  
 When next I see her.

*Enter Cunopos.*

*Cunop.* My Errand is to you, Sir.

*Theo.* To me?

*Cunop.* The *Provost* sent me for you.

*Theo.* I am ready.

*Phil.* But one word, *Theocles*.

*Cunop.* Sir, take another hour: I have other business,  
Then to waste time, in minding your discourse.

[*Ex. Cunopos, and Theocles.*]

*Phil.* Why, VVas the Message sent to him alone?

Am I so undeserving to be thought,

Less Worthy of the *Provost's* Conference?

This is the Palace-Garden, and I've heard

The Princess us'd to bless it with her presence,

This sure was she. O blessed Garden and more blessed flowers,

That Blossom at the Sun-shine of her Eyes!

I wish I were that blooming *Apricot*,

I would expatiate my Wanton arms,

And be a bold Intruder at her Window

And bring her fruit which should endear me to her;

*Enter Cunopos.*

Fruit that might tempt the palats of the Gods.

Now Keeper, where's *Theocles*?

*Cunop.* Set free,

The General has begg'd his Liberty

Upon condition never to set foot

Within *Arcadia*: But as for you

We shall be troubl'd somewhat longer with you,

I am afraid.

*Phil.* O *Theocles*, my rage

Converts to envy. Thou hast Liberty

To make some brave attempts, and reinforce

The dissipated Army. Were I free

I wou'd do things of such Immensity,

This blushing Virgin shou'd take Manhood to her,

And seek to ravish me.

*Cunop.* You are tedious, Sir

I wou'd desire less of your Tongue, good Sir,

And more of your Ears. I have a charge to you.

D

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Hast any orders for my death?

*Cano.* Not yet Sir,

But I'm in hopes of having it ere long.

I find it troublesome attending you.

My present orders reach no further, Sir.

Than to remove you from these Windows: th'are too open.

*Phil.* 'Curse upon their Envy, prettice do me

The Courtlie to kill me.

*Cano.* Yes, and hang for't afterwards. I hope ere long

To have Authority for doing it.

You shall not find me backwards, Sir, to serve you

In any Rudness of that Nature.

*Phil.* Troth, had I a Sword I wou'd kill thee.

*Cano.* I thank you.

*Phil.* Thou bringest such scurvy newes, I will not go.

*Cano.* Sir, I shall call those who shall try the Mastery.

You should give better answers till you are free.

*Phil.* May I see the Garden?

*Cano.* No.

*Phil.* Then I'm resolv'd I will not go.

*Cano.* When I clap Shackles on you. You loby

More readily.

*Phil.* Good Keeper, do it.

I'll knock thy brains out with them: or at least I'll

Shake 'em so, the house shall never sleep.

I'll make you a new Morrice, Must I go?

*Cano.* Yes, You must go.

*Phil.* Farewel kind Window,

May rude Wind never hurt thee. O my Lady;

If ever thou hast known what Sorrows are,

Let dreams my Sorrows to thy breast declare.

*Enter Celania.*

*Celan.* Why shou'd I love this Gentleman? 'Tis odds,

Hee'l never find a feature in my face;

To tempt so much as a kind look from him:

But who can love and give a reason for't?

At the first sight I lik'd him, lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him;

And yet he had a Coffin fair as he too;

Yet in my heart *Philander* is; and there,

Lord, What a coyle he keeps? But he must dye.

*Philander*, thou must dye. For *Thistles*,

Is by my Father set at Liberty,

*Who*



Who stay'd not to resolve me of thy fate.  
 We shall not need to strew thy Grave with flowers,  
 From such a root they cannot chuse but grow;  
 Thy body shall not into dust dissolve,  
 But into Spices to perfume those Flowers.

*Enter Leucippe, hastily.*

*Leuc.* Madam, here's a Comedy at hand  
 Will make you dye with Laughter. *Cunepes*  
 Is grown inamour'd on you.

*Cela.* Ay me, there is no hope!

*Leuc.* I know that Madam, but he's resolv'd  
 To prosecute his love, and I have given him  
 Encouragement: he'll presently be here.

*Cela.* Alas, he's gone.

*Leuc.* Madam, I say, he's here, just upon entrance.

*Cela.* He must dye, he is  
 Too good to live on Earth; for wherefoe're  
 He does reside, he makes it fair Heav'n there.

*Leuc.* Il'd rather think he makes it hell, because  
 He looks so like the Devil — but she sure  
 Misunderstands me. She is taken up  
 With her affection to *Philander* — ha —  
 She's in a Trance. *Cunepes*, Madam, — ha.

*Cela.* Ha?

*Leuc.* Is entering to make Love to me.

*Cela.* Make Love?

*Leuc.* Yes truly; he's grown the very farse;  
 He layes aside his surly lookes, and falls  
 To fawning with a screw'd and Mimick face,  
 As if he had been tutor'd by an Ape.  
 He sings, and makes legs to the looking-glass;  
 Is pleas'd with's face, because he smiles agen.

*Cela.* In Love with thee? — It shall be so — *Leucippe*,  
 Thou mayst procure *Philander's* Liberty;  
 Use him with kindness, Wench; perhaps the man  
 May be induc'd to be officious  
 In freeing him from Love, or may resign  
 The Keys into thy Custody.

*Leuc.* I'll try him, Madam.

Enter Cynops.

Cyno. Madam, I'm glad to understand——

Cela. It seems your understanding is improv'

Cyno. Madam, I say I'm glad to understand  
Your Lady-ship approves of my affection  
To Mistress *Lenciippe*.

Cela. There will be use of him; he must be sooth'd.  
She cannot sure refuse a handson. You have a face  
Me-thinks might tempt a Stone.

Lenc. To break his head.

[Aside.]

Cela. The pressure of my fears forbid my  
Mirth. *Lenciippe*, what think you? can you deny him?

Lenc. I scarce shou'd ex'e be angry at his smiles.

Cynop. I thank you Madam; 'tis for your sake  
If her looks keep me alive.

[He snears.]

Celan. He venture it——but yet perhaps he'll scarce  
Relinquish the key's *Lenciippe* in my presence.  
I will with-draw a while. *Cynops*, I'll leave you  
To your Courtship, wishing you success.

[Ex. Celania.]

Cyno. I humbly thank your Ladyship.

Lenc. You cannot surely be in love with me,  
Though your deportment seems to say you are.

Cynop. If deportment had said otherwise,  
I wou'd have made him eat his words.

Lenc. Wherein.

Can you convince me that your love is true?

I wou'd lose a smile upon a love

Consisting in pretence.

Cyno. Make tryal, Mistress, In what command you please.

Lenc. True Lovers will

Adventure through the frowns of all the World,

To gain a smile from those whom they affect.

Cyno. So would *Cynops*; if you wou'd but try him:  
If you'll but smile, let me see who dare frown.

Lenc. You shall be try'd——I know you prize those keys  
And wou'd resign their Custody to none but one

You Lov'd: Now if your Love be true,  
Entrust me with their keeping but till to-morrow.

Cynop. The keys? Mistress, you know I have a pris'ner.

Lenc. I knew how real your affection was,  
When you'r brought to the Test, you run for shelter  
Under Excuses.

[Offers.  
Cynop.]

*Camo.* Pray stay a while!

Are you in Earnest to make this Tryal of my Love?

*Lenc.* Yes, and do you try me with them if you dare.

*Camo.* Dare? there take e'm.

*Lenc.* This shew's you'r hearty. Early in the morning

I will restore e'm, and be satisfy'd

With this Experiment of your affection,

Since I cou'd have no other.

*Camo.* But have a care o'th pris'ner. IT'd be loth

To have those looks your Lady did commend,

Be turn'd into an ugly face at last under the Gallows.

*Lenc.* You begin to repent you.

*Camo.* I never repent till I am half hang'd.

*Lenc.* Well, as the last mark of your love be gone and trust me.

Madam, I have e'm.

[*Ex. Camo.*]

*Enter Celania.*

*Celania.* Thanks, dear *Lencippe*.

*Philander*, now Ile manifest my Love

In thy Release: Thy glory's are too bright

To set in Clouds exhal'd from thy own blood.

Ile free thee from th' Eclipse of these sad Walls,

And like a shadow ever by thee Run,

There's still a shadow where there is a Sun.

[*Ex. Celania.*]

*Enter Theocles as a Liberty.*

*Theo.* Sent back to my own Country? 'tis a gift

Out-speaks my gratitude; but then for-bid

Th' *Arcadian* ground, and, in that prohibition

The Vision of *Heracles*, for whom

I dy? O! 'tis a study'd punishment.

I'm ever lost by having Liberty,

By kindness kill'd, undone by Curtesie.

*Philander*, thou hast now the start; she still

Shall bless thy Eye-sight with her Evening Walks.

Who know's but thou maist come to speak with her?

And then she will be thine: Thou hast a Tongue

Fit to allure a Tyger from his prey,

So charming that 'twould make a Tempest tame.

But let me recollect my self a little: Ere long

The Birth-dayes of the Princess and the Prince

By the *Arcadians* will be solemniz'd

(123)  
In Pastoral delights, Why may not I  
Take Sanctuary in another shape?  
I could, not long since, wrattle well, and run  
As swift as the Wind upon a field of Corn.  
He venture in some poor disguise; who knows  
Whether my brows may not a Garland Wear,  
And happiness prefer me to a place,  
Where I may see the Vision of her face.

[Ex. Thucides]

Enter Celania with the prison keys  
and Philander.

Phila. Madam, from whence can you derive your Courtesie?

Cela. Were I less Courteous, Nature would not own me,  
Call't my humanity to save your life. Good Sir,  
Begone—These keys shall make your way  
Y'are sav'd by flight, but ruin'd if you stay.

Phil. I'd rather Nobly dye, then thus be free,  
And give my life than steal my Liberty.

Cela. You'l not be innocent if so you dye,  
He kills himself who stayes when he may fly.

Phila. So clandestine and cowardly a flight  
Wou'd gather so much blackness from the Night  
As soon wou'd blot the Glories I have Won  
By Valour, in the prospect of the Sun.

Cela. The Sun you speak of, has with-drawn his light  
To give the more advantage to your flight.  
He seem'd to say ( whilst setting in a Smile )

Philander fly, and I will wink the While.

Phil. You are an ill Interpreter: for he  
Onely with-drew as'twere asham'd to see  
A Souldier start at Death, and basely fly:  
Thus to survive were to deserve to die.

Cela. He's an ill Souldier, that when danger's great,  
Loses the day for want of fair Retreat.  
Good Sir, consent.

Phil. Suppose I shou'd, when I  
Am mis'd, your Father must my place supply;  
By giving me a life, you leave him none,  
And he that gave you yours must loose his own.

Cela. That makes me weak, but does successless prove,  
My Duty has resign'd all place to love.  
If they should shorten his decaying breath  
'Twill but a little antedate his death.

His

His glories are grown old, yours but begun;  
Men Court the rising, not the setting Sun.

*Phil.* But when he's dead, his blood will still remain  
'Pon my fame an everlasting stain.

*Cela.* If it a stain to any eye appears,  
My eyes shall quickly wash it off with Tears.  
His death, in saving you, won'd merit more  
Than all his fighting life had done before.

Come Sir, I'm sure he will a pardon find,  
The Prince to his late Valour will be kind.  
His slaughter'd foes, may save him from the grave;  
And those he slew may plead for one I save?

*Phil.* Her last Conjecture slackens my resolves;  
The Prince may pardon him; he cannot be  
Severe to him who has deserv'd so well.  
But then alas what will become of her?

*Cela.* My loss is gain,  
If you secure from loss of life remain.

*Phil.* Why shou'd I refuse  
To accept her kindness? I may here reside  
Under the shelter of some mean disguise  
And (if th'are doom'd to death) prevent that fate;

By off'ring up my life, I can but dy  
At last: I will accept her Courtship.

*Cela.* I pray let's go, I shall say, if you stay,  
Weep out those Eyes that shou'd direct your way.  
Pray follow me: I'll bring you to the door,  
And tell you where to stay, whilst I provide

Some habit more convenient for your flight.  
*Phil.* This gen'rous act is stretch'd to an Exton

Beyond the prospect of all president.  
Lead on, what makes her thus obliging prove

I hope 'tis pity, but I fear 'tis Love.

[Exeunt.]

The



(E-4)  
The Third Act

Enter Arcon, Polynices, Provost, Heraclia,  
Cleone, Theocles (*in disguise with a Garland.*)

Arcon. Who'e're you are, that Wresth becomes you well.  
The beauty of the Garland does receive  
Advantage from the blossom of your youth;  
You Run and Wrestle well; I have not seen  
A man of more activity and strength,  
What Country owns your breeding?

Theo. Part of this, Sir,  
But much unhappy in the distance from  
Your Royal Court.

Arcon. Are you a Gentleman?

Theo. Sir, I have always thought so, and have had  
An education as refin'd as I  
Presum'd my blood to be.

Arcon. May I demand wherein?

Theo. In somewhat of all Noble qualities;  
I could have kept a Hawk and hollow'd a well,  
To a deep Cry of doggs. I dare not praise  
My Horle-man-ship, yet those who know me well  
Gave me a Character I blush to think I had;  
But I am most ambitious to be thought a Gentleman.

Polyn. A most accomplish'd Gentleman.

Prov. What place has wrong'd us by concealing him  
In time of warr? — but in a Cloudy day  
We only View those things which neerer are,  
And distant glories when the Weather's fair.

Polyn. What is your Judgment of him, Madam?

Hera. His being young makes him appear more noble,  
His VVorth encreases by his want of years;  
Because new risen he more bright appears.  
Unless in him the VVonder's rarely seen,  
That Fuel clearer burns for being green.

Prov. Mark how his vertue, like a hidden Sun,  
Breaks through his baser Garments.

Arcon. VVhat made you seek this place?

Theo.



*Theo.* Royal Sir;  
 Hopes to advance my education here,  
 And perfect quickly what was well begun:  
 Fruits ripen soonest that are near the Sun.

*Arcon.* Sir, we are much indebted to your Travel;  
 Nor shall you lose your hopes: *Polynices*;  
 Dispose of this brave Gentleman.

*Polyn.* Your Highness  
 Obliges me by that Command. VWho er'e  
 You are, you are mine; and I'll prefer you  
 To the Princess Service. This is her Birth-day,  
 VWhich you have honor'd, and onely one day  
 Does intervene berwixt her's and the Prince's.  
 Now you are hers: Your virtues have deserv'd it.  
 Kiss her fair hand, Sir.

*Theo.* You are a Noble Giver.  
 Thus, Madam, let your Servant seal his faith,  
 VVhose studies shall be to deserve your favour;  
 And if he shall offend you, frown him dead.

*Hera.* Frowns are too weak Artillery to kill  
 So stout a man: if you shall merit well  
 I quickly shall discern it: you are mine,  
 And somewhat better than your rank I'll use you.

*Arcon.* My Birth-day now draws near: we'll spend the time  
 Till then, in some diversion. Neece, to morrow  
 You must be ready with the rest, to hunt  
 In *Dian's* VWood. Your Servant will attend you.  
 I'm confident he will deserve your Estimation.

*Hera.* His faithful Service shall not want my favour.

*Theo.* And when my Service shall unfaithful be,  
 Let fame recant what she has sed of me,  
 And may my false-hood be as much reveal'd  
 To all the VVorld as now my Love's conceal'd.

[ *Ex. omnes.* ]

*Enter Leucippe and Nurse, Cunopes dogging e'm.*

*Cunop.* I'm sent for by the *Provest*, yet I'll stay  
 To over-hear my Mistress and the Nurse;  
 For methinks they are in Counsel: and perhaps  
 'Tis about Love and I may be concern'd.

*Leuc.* You have left the keys in *Cunopes* Chamber?

*Nurse.* Yes, Mistress!

*Leuc.* *Philander* is releas'd, my Lady fled;  
 'I according to appointment, going

To meet e'm at the Beach in *Dian's-wood*.

*Cunop.* Ha ! I shall pay as dear for Love as those,  
VWho marry all to whom they promise Marriage.

*Leuc.* Farewell good *Cunop*; if thou art hang'd  
Thou'lt meet this comfort at the fatal place,  
Hanging can never spoil so bad a face.  
*Nurse*, farewell.

*Nurse.* Farewell, be sure you make hast.

[*Ex. Leuc, and Nurse severally.*]

*Cunop.* Though she saw me not, she took her leave of me

After the old phrase; farewell, and be hang'd;

Besides her commendations sent to my face:

Those have good stomacks who can love the meat;

Having been beaten with the Spit: And yet

I cannot hate her. There's some VVitch-craft in't.

But let me think. *Philander* free'd ! perhaps

The *Provost* sent for me to give accompt

Of him: *Celania* fled? *Leucippe* gone!

The Beach in *Dian's-wood*? I shall be hang'd;

But the hangman being no man of quality,

Cannot expect that I should be so civil

To stay here for him, till he find me.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* The *Provost* wonders you make no more haste;  
His bus'ness is——

*Cunop.* Yes, yes, I know his bus'ness——

*Mess.* VVhy don't you bring him word then, how *Philander*  
Carries himself since *Theocles* is gone;

That he may know how to inform the Prince?

*Cunop.* Bring word how *Philander* carry's himself?

I know his meaning well enough; go tell him,

I'l onely step to see, and bring him word.

I must be gone——If I can find *Philander*,

I may bring off my self by bringing him

Back hither; but if nox, I am out of rope-reach.

[*Ex. Mess.*]

[*Exit.*]

*Morn.*

*Horns in several places. Noise and Hollaing as of  
people Hunting.*

*Enter Theocles in the Wood.*

*Theo.* I have lost the Prince and all the Company :  
They are all divided. O *Heracles* !  
Sweeter than Spring and all the golden buttons  
On her fresh boughs ;  
How fortunate am I in such a Mistress ?  
Alas, poor pris'ner ! poor *Philander* !  
Thou little dream'st of my success : thou think'st  
Thy self more blest'd to be near *Heracles*.  
Me thou presum'st most wretched, though I'm free ;  
Because thou think'st me in my Country, but  
VVer't thou acquainted with my happiness,  
How I enjoy the lustre of her Eyes,  
VWhat passion, *Colin*, wou'd possess thee ?

*Enter Philander out of a bush.*

*Phila.* Traitor Kinsman ! thou shoud'st perceive my  
Passion, were this hand but owner of a Sword ;  
And were my strength a little re-inforc'd with one  
Meals-meat, Thy wounds shou'd shew the justice of my Love.  
I'd soon let out the blood which makes us kin,  
And prove thee a perfidious Lord, nor worth  
The name of Villain : Dar'st thou call her thine ?

*Theo.* *Colin Philander* ?

*Phila.* Treacherous *Theocles* ?

*Theo.* I am not conscious of a Crime that may  
Deserve those attributes with which you now  
Defile my fame ; and therefore I avoid  
Replies in language of so coarse a VVerb.  
Passion transports you, *Colin* ? Pray be pleas'd  
To show in noble terms your grief. I am  
Ready to Vindicate my love by reason,  
Or by the Sword of a true Gentleman.

*Phila.* O that thou durst !

*Theo.* *Colin*, you know I dare :  
I'm confident you wou'd not tamely hear  
Another blast my valour.

*Phil.* I confess,

I've seen your Sword do wonders :

But treachery makes men impotent, and then

They shun decisions by the Sword. Their courage

Droops into fear and Cowardize. Supply me

But with the Charity of one poor man,

And with a Sword, though rusty ; And if then

Thou dar'st pretend to Love *Heraclia*,

I will forgive the trespasss thou hast done me ;

And if thou kill me, I'll acquaint those souls

In shades ( which have dy'd manly ) that thou art

A Souldier brave and noble.

*Theo.* Be content : agen betake you to your hawthorn-house.

I'll gratifie your wishes : you shall have both Sword and meat.

*Phil.* O you Heavens ! Dare any venture so nobly in a cause so guilty ?

Sure none but *Theocles* cou'd be so daring.

Sit, I embrace your offer, and shall thank

Your person with my Sword. [ *Wind-borne and Cornets.*

*Theo.* You hear the horns : Enter your Muise. Take

Comfort and be strong. I'll keep my word : give me your hand.

*Phila.* Pray hold your promise, Colin *Theocles*,

And do the deed with a bent brow ; I know

You love me not : Be rough with me, and pour

This oyl out of your language.

*Theo.* My anger and content have but one face. [ *Horns wind.*

I'm call'd : I have an office there.

*Phil.* Your office is unjust, and your attendance cannot please Heaven.

*Theo.* Talk of that no more : leave it to the decision of the Sword.

*Phil.* But this one word. You are going now to gaze

Upon my Mistress ; for Sir, mine she is.

*Theo.* Nay, then—

*Phila.* You talk of feeding me into my strength ;

But you are going to inforce your self

By feeding on her Eyes. There, *Theocles*,

You have advantage over me. Adieu,

My Cause gives me advantage over you.

*Enter Celania.*

*Celan.* He has mistook the beach, and is pursuing

The way his fancy leads. 'Tis now near morning,

No matter, wou'd it were perpetual night.

Heark ! 'tis a Wolf ! but grief destroys my fear,

I care not though the Wolves shou'd me devour,

If he had but this meat, and this disguise.  
 What if I hidla'd for him? I cannot bolla's  
 He has no Sword, and Wolves 'tis said have sense  
 To know a man unarm'd. Who knows but he  
 Is torn in pieces. Many howl'd together,  
 And then they fed on him. So much for that:  
 There is an end of all, now he is gone.  
 No, no, I lye; my Fathers life must answer  
 For his escape. Alas, I grow mad, I've eaten  
 No meat these two dayes, nor have clos'd my Eyes;  
 I find my sense unsettl'd. Which way now?  
 The best way is the next way to the Grave,  
 Each erring step besides is Torment. Loe!  
 The Moon is down! the Crickets chirp: The Scritch-Owl  
 Has bid the night farewell: but my misfortunes  
 Ner'e will find the break of day.

[Ex. Cel.]

*Enter Theocles with Wine and meat.*

*Theo.* Sure, this is near the place. Hoe! Cofin *Philander*! [*Enter Philan.*  
*Phil. Theocles*]

*Theo.* The same; I've perform'd my promise, Sir.  
 Here is your meat, you shall not want a Sword  
 When y' have recover'd strength: Come forth and fear not,  
 Here is no *Prevost*.

*Phila.* Nor any one so honest.

*Theo.* That shall be  
 Decided another time. Take courage,  
 I know you'r faint; here, Cofin drink!

*Phila.* Thou might'st poyson me now.

*Theo.* But I must fear you first.  
 Well, Coz, no more of this. Here, to your health,  
 I'll drink you into blood, and then I'll drain you.

*Phila.* Do Coz.

*Theo.* Sit down, Sir, and let me request you that  
 You mention not this Lady. 'Twill disturb us,  
 We shall have time enough.

*Phila.* Well Sir, I'll pledg you.

*Theo.* Drink a good hearty draught, it breeds good blood.  
 Do not you feel it thaw you?

*Phila.* By and by, I'll tell you of what operation 'tis.

*Theo.* Is't not mad lodging in the wild Woods, Cofin?

*Phila.* For them who have wild Consciences, 'tis.

*Theo.* How tast's your meat? Your hunger needs no sauce?

Not

*Phila.* Not much ! but if it did, your's is too fast.  
 Give me more Wine ; here *Theocles*, a health  
 To all the Ladies of our old acquaintance,  
 Your memory retains the Martial's daughter ?  
 She knew Sir, how to chuse a handfom man  
 To make the object of her Love.

*Theo.* Alas ! that's no news, Cofin, amongst Ladies.

*Phila.* And I have heard some call him *Theocles*.

*Theo.* What then Sir ?

*Phila.* Nothing, but 'twas conceiv'd  
 You were so charitable to her sighs,  
 You turn'd e'm into groans for nine Moneths after.  
 Because she was enamour'd on your face  
 You did supply her with your Picture ; drawn  
 Exceeding lively, Cofin.

*Theo.* I presume you yet remember the young Counts sister.  
 You'll pledge her, Cofin,

*Phila.* Yes, Sir, yes.

*Theo.* She lov'd you well ! a pretty Wench ! but brown,  
 As if by often gazing on your eyes  
 ( Which she call'd bright ) she had been Sun-burn't.  
 You have not yet forgot the Song too, Coz ;  
 No, nor the Willows.

*Phila.* Well, let's have the Song.

### *Theocles sings.*

*Theo.* Under the Willow shades they were  
 Free from the Eye-sight of the Sun,  
 For no intruding beam could there  
 Peep through to spy what things were done.  
 Thus shelter'd they unseen did lye  
 Surfeiting on each other's Eye.  
 Defended by the Willow shades alone,  
 The Sun's heat they disy'd and cool'd their own :  
 whilst they did embrace unspy'd  
 The Conscious willows seem'd to Smile,  
 That they with privacy supply'd  
 Holding the door as 'twere the while.

*And*



*And when their dalliances were o'er  
The willows to oblige e'm more,  
Bowing did seem to say (as they wither'd)  
We can supply you with a Cradle too.*

*Phil.* You are merry, Cofin?

*Theo.* I hope we may reflect upon our loves,  
And never cry ——— heigh ——— ho.

*Phil.* 'Twas for *Heracles* upon my life, away  
With thy strain'd mirth; I say that sigh  
Was for *Heracles* breath'd, ignoble Cofin.

*Theo.* Fy, you are mistaken.

*Phil.* By all that's good there's no goodness in thee.

*Theo.* Nay, then I'll leave you: now you are a Child.

*Phil.* As thou hast made me, Traitor.

*Theo.* I'll leave you meat, Sir, to recruit you: I'll return  
With that shall quiet all, and speak my passion  
Much better than my Tongue.

*Phil.* You mean a Sword.

*Theo.* Cofin, distrust me not, feed heartily,  
I wish you all fair weather in your bush.  
May no storm fall out, but what our Swords shall raise.  
Farewel, you shall not want for any thing.

*Phil.* Ha? Sir!

*Theo.* I'll hear no more.

[*Ex.*

*Phil.* But thou shalt much more feel,  
If thou perform thy promise. I will search  
Each angle of thy heart to find thy Love,  
And mak't a Victim to *Heracles*,  
That heart is fittest for her Sacrifice  
Which is already kindl'd at her Eyes.

[*Ex.*

*Enter Celania (distracted) Leucippe.*

*Leuc.* Alas; she's distracted, I have found her,  
But she has lost her self; ha, *Cunopes*!

[*Enter Cunopes.*

*Cunop.* Yes, Mistress!

*Leuc.* I am betray'd.

*Cunop.* I have made bold to try how you could like  
This face, here in the Wood. I will remember  
You gave it a good Character at home.

*Leuc.* I would have rather seen a Satyr,  
But rough Words may as soon

Blow

Blow down these Trees  
 As do us any Courtesie, he must be forth'd !  
 Ah *Cunop* reflect no more on these things ;  
 You are opportunely come to give attendance  
 Upon my Lady : she's distracted.

*Cunop.* Ha ! Is she mad ?

*Leuc.* Alas, her Senses are all gone.

*Cunop.* And mine too (out of Complement)  
 Are gone to bear e'm Company. 'Tis grown  
 The fashion to be mad and wear plain Heads,  
 Without the least trimming of Wit. The Prince  
 By this time's mad with Anger for the loss  
 Of's Pris'ner ; And the *Provost*'s mad with fear,  
 Lest he should take his turn : I'm almost mad  
 To think I was a fool in lending you  
 The Keyes : And, *Mistresse*, if you have any reason  
 You'll run mad too. 'Tis fit your Wits should  
 Wait upon your Ladie's.

*Celan.* I'm very cold : and all the Stars are out too ;  
 Ev'n all the little Stars which look like spangles :  
 The Sun has seen my folly ; Ah *Philander* !  
 Ay me ! He's in Heav'n, Where am I now ?

*Leuc.* How wildly she discourses.

### She Sings.

*Celan.* --- For straight my green Gown into Breeches I'll make,  
 And my long yellow Locks much shorter I'll take :  
 Sing Down a down, down a, down a,  
 Then I'll cut me a Switch, and on that Ride about,  
 And wander and wander till I find him out,  
 With a Heigh down, down a, down, down a.

O for a Hawthorn ; like a Nightingal  
 To leane my Brest against, or else I shall sleep like a Topp.

*Leuc.* Let's follow her and see she injure not her self.

*Cunop.* I hope she is not so mad yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter*

*Enter Countrey-men and Women, preparing  
for the Solemnizing of the KING'S Birth-day.*

1. *Countreyman*. Draw up the Company ! Where's the *Taberer* ?

*Tab.* Here, Boyes, here.

[*Ent. Taberer*

1. *Conn.* You all know how to make your honours.

*All.* Yes, Yes.

[*all make honours.*

1. *Conn.* Sr. Reverence ! You make an honour, you sh---

Cast your selves decently into a Body

By a Trace, and turn Boyes thus.

[*turns.*

2. *Conn.* And sweetly we will do't, Neighbours.

1. *Conn.* Where are your Ribbands Maids ? Swim with your Bodies.

3. *Conn.* That they may do, they are light enough.

1. *Conn.* Couple then, and see what's wanting.

Friend, pray carry your Tail without offence

Or scandal to the Ladies ; and be sure

You dance with confidence, without being mov'd :

And when you stand still, do it with Judgment.

3. *Conn.* I'll warrant you I'se not stand a step amiss.

1. *Conn.* You Mr. Malon, you betray your trade too much.

You dance as if you wear treading of Mortar,

*Taberer* strike up.

[*He strikes up and 1. Countreyman dances a Jigg.*

1. *Conn.* Thou a *Taberer*, thou a Tinker, we as

Well may dance after the tunes of Grasshoppers.

*Enter Celan, Cunopes, Leucippe.*

*Celan. Sings.*

*He deserv'd much better then so  
in the Thick-Wood to be lost,  
where the Nut-trees grew so low  
as if they had bin nip'd with the Frost,  
O VVhither, whither, my Love, dost thou go ?*

1. *Conn.* Woman avoid : if it be your vocation to be mad

Pray be mad in some more fitting place,

This is no place for Mad-folke.

*Cunop.* But 'tis for Fools.

F

1. *Conn.*

1. *Comm.* For though we have Bells here; yet we have no VWhips.  
Tho' we are about a Morrice; 'tis no mad Morrice.

*Comm.* Who sayes she shan't be mad.

1. *Comm.* That do I Sir, we have business here that does concern  
The Prince; matters of state and will not be disturb'd. Sir,  
I cannot bear with her affronts.

*Comm.* Can you bear with that, Sir.

[ *Chorus* strikes him.

1. *Co.* Sir, I wou'd have you know I can ta' any thing at a mans  
Hands, but my Spirit is too bigg to put up the least  
Affront offer'd me by a VWoman.

### Celania Sings.

*There were three Fools at Mid-summer run mad  
About an Hawlet, a quarrel they had,  
The one said 'twas an Owle, the other he said nay,  
The third said it was a Hawk but the Bells wear out away.*

1. *Comm.* VWoman, I say leave thy fingering, or I'll give thee a good  
Douze i'th Chop.

*Comm.* Say you so, Sir.

[ *strikes him.*

1. *Comm.* Good Sir, command your hands to be more civil; VWhat  
Are you mad?

*Celan.* Give me your Hand,

2. *Comm.* VWhy?

*Celan.* I can tell your Fortune: You are a Fool, tell ten -- I have  
Pos'd him ---- Fa, la, la, la.

1. *Comm.* Come let's go and practice in some other place, the Prince  
will else be here e're we are perfect.

*Ex. Country Men and Women*

*Celan.* VVell; I'll go seek *Philander*, I shall finde him  
Under some Primrose: I am thirsty. Fetch  
A Glas of milk stript from the pretty duggs  
Of some Milch Lady-Cow.

*Lady-Cow, Lady-Cow quick, go flee*

*And tell me now where my True Love shall be.*

*Leuc.* Let us keep close to her, good *Chorus*.

*Exeunt*

*Enter*

*Enter Arcon, Polynices, Provost, Heraclia  
and Attendants.*

*Arcon.* They have found a pretty place within the Wood  
For the Solemnity: Methinks, *Heraclia*, y'are melancholy.

*Hera.* Sir, I cannot chuse,  
But bear a part in the good *Provost's* cares;  
And mingle Tears with him: he mourns you see  
For his dear daughter's loss; poor Lady!  
Good Sir, cheer the *Provost* up.

*Arcon.* *Provost*, take comfort;  
Your daughter's not irreparably lost,  
Nor yet the pris'ner: wee'll send out to find e'm.

*Prov.* My grief, Sir, will but discompose your joys;  
Pray let your Highness now permit my absence.

*Arcon.* You will receive some ease by staying here.

*Prov.* I shall not see for Tears: Let me Retire  
Into some solitary place alone,  
To bless your Birth-day, and to curse my own.

*Arcon.* You have leave, *Provost*. But I hope er'e long,  
Your daughter's presence will dry up those Tears.

*Polyn.* Good man! how has her loss dejected him?  
Methinks his face too much resembles Death.  
Each Character of Age does seem a Grave.

*Hera.* Now I lament that er'e I try'd *Celania*,  
By telling her, *Philander* was to dye.

*Polyn.* Madam, you should suspend your grief a while,  
Custom sometimes must Nature over-rule.

Think now not on *Celania*: but reflect

On this Solemnity, and entertain

The Birth-day of the Prince, with thoughts that are

Of a serene Complexion—See, they are coming

*Enter first Country-man as Master of the Revels.*

*Arcon.* This seems to be the Country Poet. What  
Represent you first?

I Coun. We represent a Morrice for the first thing,  
Whose Countrements hang heavy on my purse-string,

*Tho' lightly on the bobby-horse and dancers,  
He learns to VVigby, and the rest to prance-Sirs.  
They are all so Skittish, that when you behold e'm,  
You may e'en swear the bobby-horse has sold e'm.*

*Arcon.* Are they ready?

1. *Coun.* *Th' are entering and (to shew I do not bob ye):*  
*the Horse comes first here which is call'd the Hobby.* [Enter Hobby-Horse]  
*Some with long Spoons (quoth Proverb stale and addle)*  
*Eate with the Devil; this Sir has a Ladle.* [Enter Tab.  
*Next comes the man with Taber, which by some*  
*Among the Pygmies is yclep'd a Drum.* [Enter all.  
*Then with the rest comes in that ugly Carrion*  
*Which Country Batchelours do call Maid-Marrion.*  
*[ They dance the Motrice here.*

*Arcon.* You have your thanks for this, What is your next?

1. *Coun.* *The next Sir, if your Grace will be contented,*  
*A Hunt in Musick will be represented.*  
*If that your Highnest VVorship think it good*  
*To saunter but a little in the VVood.*  
*Good Sir, be pleas'd to raise your self and go forth*  
*To hear the Horns, then see the Hunt, and so forth.*

*Arcon* Since you are Master of the Hunt, we'll take  
 Our stand, where you appoint us: lead the way.  
 We'll change the Scene a while to see your Sports:  
 Princes for pleasure may remove their Courts. [Ex. Omnes.]

The



# The Fourth Act.

*Enter Arcon, Polyn. Herac. Attendants  
and Country-Poet.*

**Poet.** Let man of might sit down in dainty Arden,  
Where trees are trim'd as Herring in his Barber;  
And Huntsmen soon shall come with Horns call'd bugle  
Which are but few, because we will be frugle.

[Ex. Poet.]

**Arcon.** Well we will be directed:  
This Wood has various places of delight,  
It can afford both privacy and pleasure:  
The Call begins—

*Enter two Foresters.*

{ The Call at distance representing  
the sound of Horns by Instru-  
mental Musick.

**1. Forr.** Hark, hark! the Call! at distance it appears

So gently that it softly courts our Ears,

Whilst Echo newly waken'd with the noise

Does drowsily reverberate the Voice.

[The call again louder.]

**2. Forr.** Now 'tis come nearer, and does reach the Sky:

Objects grow greater by their being nigh.

**1. Forr.** Woods tremble with the Wind, as if they were

For some of their Inhabitants in fear.

**2. Forr.** For one of them, they well may fearful seem,

For I myself did help to harbour him.

**1. Forr.** If so, you can with ease inform me then,

Of what head is he?

**2. Forr.** A brave Hart of ten.

**1. Forr.** But do his Port and Entry's promise Game?

**2. Forr.** That both his Sate and Fumers do proclaim.

{ A single Re-  
cheat winded.

**1. Forr.**

1. Forr. *Heark ! the Reebat ! the Stag now quits his lair,  
And sprightly bounds into the open Air.*

*Mulick expresses the Chase by  
Voices and Instruments like hol-  
laing and winding of Horns.*

2. Forr. *Now, now the Dogs in a full Cry pursue  
The Hart as fast as he does them eschew,  
VVhilst they with hollow mouth, foretel his fall;  
And in a consort Chime his Funeral.*

*Prethee let's take our stand here.*

1. Forr. *No ; they are at a loss, they're m- - -* *Exunt.*

*Hollaing  
and shouting  
within.*  
Enter Huntress.

Huntr. *The Dogs when at a loss their Voice suppress,  
And by that silence soon their fault confess,  
Most of e'm were Stanch-Hounds ; and it is strange,  
They made a loss which never hunted change:  
But now th'ave got the Game again in view,  
And do with violence the Chase renew,  
Now, now, the Stag is more in danger far  
Of sinking soon: Relapses fatal hart.*

[ Huntsmen within ] *There Blew-cup, there, there, there, So ha, ho.*

Huntr. *Heark ! heark ! The noise is now more lively grann,  
Their Clamour shews the Stag is plucking down,  
He sinks, he sinks : their Voice proclaim his fall,  
As Thunder speaks a Monarch's Funeral.*

*A Noise of Dogs represen-  
ting the Death of the Stag.*

Enter two Forresters, four Hunters and  
Four Huntresses with the Stag's head.

1. Forr. *They have made both Essayes.*

2. Forr. *A brave fat Dear.*

1. Hunter. *See the Stag's head which so did spread his beams,  
The small trees did seem to envy him.*

1. Forr.

1. Fort. *When the Relays were set of Hound and Horse,*  
 2. Fort. *We all resolv'd to Hunt it out at leisure.*  
 1. Hunt. *When first we rouz'd him, and he fled, the wind*  
*Was with the Doggs left equally behind.*  
 1. Fort. *But when the Gamethere following fight out-went,*  
*The Doggs pursu'd him hooly by the scent.*  
 2. Fort. *Then weary'd, to a Bay he quickly fell;*  
*And in a Groan his Tragedy did tell.*  
 1. Fort. *Nature with Musick did that Groan out-tell;*  
*A quire of Birds did sing his Obsequie.*

**Chorus** That Chorus was (for fear they should  
 Forget their melting strain)  
 Taught by the Eccho's of the Wood  
 To sing it o're again.

**Poet.** *Now for our Dance, wherein we have no small-hope,*  
*Because it does both Amble, Trot and Gallop.*

### A Dance.

**Hera.** This entertainment's parcel-gilt, made up  
 Of various Diversion.

**Polyn.** We have had a Countrey Muse, who  
 Has set up with the help of a Town Poet.

**Arcon.** Since all is done, 'tis time we shou'd retire;

**Polynices** reward him, we'll away;

We must not keep too long a Holy-day

[*Ex. Omnes.*]

*Enter Celania, Leucippe and Canopes.*

**Celan.** Hark! heark, The Grass-Hoppers — *Philander* is gone,  
 Gone to the Wood to gather Mulberries, I'll finde  
 Him out to morrow.

**Leuc.** Alas! how shall we do to get her home?

**Celan.**

## Celia Sings.

*The Heifer was lost in the Green-wood*

*In the Green-wood, in the Green-wood*

*where she had gone astray.*

*By a bank of Straw-berrys She stood*

*Lowing till break of day.*

*Then did the Straw-berrys upon her smile*

*And sweetly seem'd to beg for Cream the while.*

*Cela.* Is not this a fine Song?

*Lenc.* O, a very fine one.

*Cunop.* So fine I'm sure it sets my Mouth a Water.

*Celan.* I can sing twenty more.

*Lenc.* I think you can.

*Celan.* Yes truly can I. Are you not a Taylor?

*Cunop.* A Taylor, Madam! Troth I think I am none,

Because I eat so little bread: I'm sure

I have not touch'd a bit these two days.

*Lenc.* Fy! You must humour her! Say you are a Taylor.

*Cunop.* Must I then lye to call my self a Thief?

Well, Madam. I am a Taylor.

*Celan.* Where's my Wedding gown?

*Cunop.* I'll bring it home to Morrow.

*Celan.* Do! very early! I must be abroad else.

To call the Maids and pay the Musick too;

'Twill never thrive else: but suppose *Philander*

Is taken, he must dy then.

## She Sings.

*And when Philander shall be dead,*

*I'll bury him, 'He bury him,*

*And I'll bury him in a Primrose-bed:*

*Then I'll sweetly ring his Knel*

*With a pretty Consip-Bell.*

*Ding, ding, &c.*

*D'ye know Philander?*

*Cunop.*

*Company.* Know him! Yes, yes,  
Wou'd I cou'd see him, that I might renew  
My old acquaintance with him.

*Celan.* Is't not a fine Young-Gentleman?

*Company.* Too fine it seems to bear me Company?

*Leucop.* By no means Cross her: She'll be then distemper'd  
Far worle then now She seems.

*Celan.* You have a Sister?

*Company.* Yes, and a handsom one; of my Complexion.

*Celan.* Many are now with Child by him; yet I  
Keep close as any Cockle. All are Boys,  
And must be Eunuch'd for Musicians,  
To sing the Battles of the King of *Pigmies*:  
They say he lately conquer'd all the *Cranes*:  
And took e'm pris'ners with his Lime-twigs.

*Company.* 'Tis very strange!

*Celan.* As ere you heard: but say nothing.  
Come hither--- You are a wise man.

*Company.* So, so, Madam. I have a Spice of Policy:  
But yet I fear, I hardly shall be made  
A privy-Councellour, because I let  
*Philander* 'scape.

*Celan.* And are not you the Master of a Ship?

*Company.* Yes! here's the Vessel! 'tis a man of War. [*Views himself.*]  
Only it wants due stowage. I am hungry,  
My Guts are grown Artillery, and roare  
Like Cannons.

*Celan.* Set your Compass to the North  
And steer towards *Philander*.

*See how the Dolphins caper there,  
The Fish keep Holy-day.  
They dance Coranto's in the Air,  
And thus they shoot away.*

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Philander, (as from a Bush.*

*Philan.* I did not think so little time could have  
Restor'd a health so much decay'd: Merhinks,  
I am stronger then I was before, and long  
Till we encounter, as if Valours heat  
Grew (like a feavers) greater by a Meale.  
Cotin thou hast built a Buttress, to Support  
My falling Fabrick, and to crush thy own.

G

My

My thirst's allay'd : but, *Theocles*, thy blood  
Must quench the draught rais'd by the heat of Love :  
—— He promis'd to come double sworded. That  
Which he refuses I will kill him with.  
One of us with this Ev'ning sun must set.

*Enter Theocles with Two Swords.*

*Theo.* How d'ye Sir ?

*Philan.* A little stomach sick ;

But opening of a Vein in you will cure me.

*Theo.* Be your own Surgeon ; here are Instruments.

*Phil.* I've given you to great a trouble Sir,

*Theo.* 'Tis but a debt to Honour and my duty.

*Philan.* I wish you would so well consult your Honour,  
In your affection as your enmity,

Then my Embraces not my blows should thank you.

*Theo.* Either well done is a brave recompence.

*Philan.* I shall not be behind hand with the payment.

*Theo.* These soft defyances oblige me Sir,  
When I am wounded, some such words as these  
Will fall like Oyle into my Wounds, and cure e'm,  
But for your rougher terms they are like bullets  
Chaw'd into poison : Let our Language be  
Serene, and if a Tempest must be seen  
Let our Swords shew it : here I have brought you one,  
But if you feel your self not fitting yet,  
I'll stay till you recover health.

*Phil.* Colin ! thou art so brave an Enemy,  
That none is fit to kill thee but a Kins-man ;  
I'm well and lusty : Choose your Sword, I have  
Advantage of you in my Cause.

*Theo.* Choose you Sir !

*Phil.* Wilt thou exceed in all ? Or dost thou do it,  
To make me spare thee ?

*Theo.* If you think so Cozen,  
You are deceiv'd, for I shall not spare you.

*Phila.* That's well said ; this is mine then ;  
And be sure I shall strike home.

*Theo.* I'll give you cause enough ! Is there ought else to say ?

*Phila.* This only, and no more Sir : If there be  
A place prepar'd for those who sleep in Honour,  
I wish his weary Soul, who falls, may have it,  
Whilst the Survivor does enjoy the pleasure.



Of an unrivall'd Love : Give me your hand.

*Thes.* *Philander* here ! This hand shall neve more  
Come near you with such Friendship.

*Phila.* Once more stand off.

{ they fight & *Horns*  
within, they stop.

*Thes.* Hark Cofin ! Hark ! Our folly has undone us.

*Phila.* Why ?

*Thes.* The Prince's returning from the Celebration  
Of his Nativity, Dear Sir retreat  
Into your Bush agen : if you are seen  
You perish instantly, for breaking Prison.  
And I (if you reveal me) for contempt of  
The Prince's Order.

*Phila.* I'll no more be hidden ; I know your cunning and I know  
Your Cause I'll not refer this great adventure  
To a Second Tryal. Stand upon your Guard.

*Thes.* You are not Mad ?

*Phila.* Let what will Threaten me ; The beauty of *Heractia*  
Makes me scorn the frowns of Fortune ——— for *Heractia*.

*Thes.* Then come, what may come, you shall see I can as well Fight  
As talk ! only I fear the Law will have the honour of our  
Ends ——— *Philander* ——— at thy Life !

*Phila.* Guard well thy own.

*Enter Arcon, Polynices, Heractia,*  
*Attendants and Guards.*

*Arcon.* What insolent and Unadvis'd Men  
Are these, which here attempt each other's life  
Against the tenour of my Laws ? you both  
Deserve to dye for striving thus to kill each other.

*Phila.* I know it Sir, we are both  
Contemners of your Mercy ! I'm *Philander*  
Who broke your Prison. This is *Thescler*.

*Arcon.* Ha !

*Phila.* A bolder Traitor never trod your ground.

*Polyn.* Alas ? I have been generous in vain.

*Phil.* 'Tis he contemns you, and in this disguise  
Forgetting your command attends that Lady,  
Whose Servant (if there be a right in seeing  
And first bequeathing of the Soul) I am ;  
Yet he dares think her his, which treachery  
I call'd him here to answer. If you e're  
Deserv'd the Attributes of great and just,

Bid us to fight agen : and you shall see  
Such Justice as you'll envy ; then you may  
Devent me of my life : I'll wooe ye'to it.

*Herac.* What Miracle is this ? Both fight for me ?

*Arcon.* You are a bold defyer of your Fate.

*Thes.* Your breath of Mercy Sir, I shall not Court ;  
I can as resolutely dy as you command it ;

Only let me say I am no Traitor , Tho *Philander*

Calls me so ; Unless my Love be Treason. Then indeed

I'm the greatest Traitor , and am proud on't :

If you ask why I slighted your command,

Ask why I love , and why that Ladie's Fair ?

*Herac.* Can both be kindl'd into Love by me ?

And Love inflame e'm into so much hate :

[ *Aside.*

*Phila.* Monarch ! as you are just shew us no Mercy :

Let us expire together ; only Sir

Let *Theocles* a while before me fall

That I may tell my Soul he shall not have her.

*Arcon.* Your wish is granted, he offended most,

And first shall dye : nor shall you long survive him.

*Polyn.* secure them till the Morning ,

Then they shall wake to sleep for ever.

*Polyn.* Good Sir be pleas'd to moderate their doom.

*Arcon.* You supplicate in vain ; convey e'm hence.

*Polyn.* I shall obey you Sir, But Heaven can tell

With what reluctance : Now Madam you must

Intercede for e'm , or else your face

Wherein the World reads Beauty yet will be

With Curses blotted of succeeding Youth,

For these lost Gentlemen.

[ *Ex. Polyn. Philan. Theocles.*

*Herac.* My Face is guiltless of their ruine ; but

The Misadventure of their own Eyeskills e'm,

Yet I have pity and will plead for e'm,

Good Sir, retract your Sentence, if they fall

Virtue will suffer in e'm.

*Arcon.* Why should you intercede , if they survive,

The publick danger will be kept alive.

I'm sorry Neice they love you !

*Herac.* 'Tis their Fate,

Can Love to me deserve my Uncles hate ;

Should they for loving me untimely fall

Tho' now *Heracles* they may gentle call,

Their Groines will Speak me Cruel at the last,

And every Sigh my reputation blast.

*Arcon.*

*Arcon.* Suppose I should permit e'm both to live,

\*Twould but a little time their death relieve :

They'd love you still and loving you would Fight,

Rivals affections do to death Excite,

Whilst they Survive they will foment that Fire

Which in their Ashes quickly would Expire,

*Hera.* But when that Flame Sir with their Ashes dyes,

Another Flame will from my Beauty rise ;

And that which Kindl'd their unhappy-Loves,

To other's hate will Provocation prove ;

Their death's will make me loath'd, my honour shall

Contract a blackness from their Funeral.

*Arcon.* Since with such Violence you intercede,

One shall find pardon, though th'other bleed,

Your breath shall have the Liberry to save

One, and condemn the other to the Grave.

*Hera.* The Death of one alone then shall suffice,

I'll make him the Survivors Sacrifice.

The Noble *Theocles* shall live ——— but Why?

*Philander* is as much too good to dy :

Distracted thus I know not which to choose,

One I would save, but not the other loose :

May not both live?

*Arcon.* Not in regard of them,

But for your sake, I do not both condemn,

You cannot Marry both, and when I save

But one, You can no more from *Hymen* Crave ;

By Love's great Law you can but one Enjoy :

Him you must quickly choose or both destroy.

[ *Exit Arcon.* ]

*Hera.* VVith rised honour, gentle pity joyn'd

To plead for those whom he to death design'd,

He thinks I spake from principles of Love

Now both of e'm I from my thoughts remove.

He told me I by one should be enjoy'd

VVhich partial Fortune that I may avoyd,

I'll Equally permit e'm both to dye,

That so I may do neither Injury.

[ *Ex. Princess.* ]

The

# The Fifth Act.

*Enter Messenger and Nurse.*

*Nurse.* How Sir? Did *Cunopos* assist you then  
To bring my Lady back?

*Messen.* Yes, but he stood a long time in Suspence,  
And scarce would have return'd, had not two men  
(Who cross'd the way in haste) acquainted us  
That not far off the Prince had in the Wood  
Surpriz'd *Philander* fighting with his Cousin.

*Nurse.* Alas! Poor Gentleman.

*Mess.* This newes made him hope,  
He might be pardon'd, then he assum'd Courage  
And with *Lencippe's* help we have brought home  
*Celania*, though distracted.

*Nurse.* Blessing on your heart.  
VVe have some hopes she soon will be recover'd,  
The Prince's Physician gives the *Provoost* Comfort,  
He says: *Philander's* and her want  
Of sleep caus'd her distemper: He prescrib'd  
A Cordial, which by this time she has taken  
To force her to a slumber.

*Mess.* They are entring.

*Nurse.* I dare not stay to see her! 'Las poor Lady:  
I cannot look upon her without weeping.

[*Ex. Nurse.*]

*Enter Provoost, Celania, Lencippe and Cunopos.*

*Prov.* O! May the Cordial rectify her Sences,  
Or mine will Else unsettle, I shall grow  
Distracted with her Madnefs: as if Reason  
Might be infected, like related blood.

*Celna.* Have you seen the crop'd Horse *Philander* gave me?

*Cuno.* A Horse? Yes, yes? I thank him too, he did  
His good-will to bestow a Horse on me,  
A wooden one that must be rid forsooth  
With a Halter instead of a Bridle.

*Celna.*

*Celan.* He's a fine Horse, you never saw him dance?

*Lena.* No Madam!

*Mess.* Alas poor Lady!

*Cela.* He'll dance the Morrice Twenty Mille an hour,  
And that will founder the best Hobby-horse in

*Acadia:* he gallops to the Tune of Green-Sleeves,

VWhat think you of him?

*Cuno.* Having these Vertues

I think he might be brought to play at Tennis.

*Cela.* Alas that's nothing.

*Cuno.* Can he write and read too?

O Yes, a fair hand, and casts himself

Th'account of all his hay and Provender,

That Hoffer that does Cozen him must rise betimes:

*Cuno.* This Horse has so much reason, I believe

The *Projan*-Horse begot him whilst he had

So many Men in's belly.

*Cela.* The Prince's Chest-nut Mare's in love with him?

*Cuno.* VVhat Portion has she?

*Cela.* Two hundred bottles of Hay, and twenty Strike

Of Oates: He licks in his Neighing too, and that entic'd

Her first: but he'l ne'r have her.

How far is't to the VVorlds end?

*Cuno.* That's a hard question. Had *Philander* ne'r bin found,

Agon, I might within these two-dayes

Have bin so much a Traveller as to resolve her,

But as things stand, she may know best her self.

For She's the next dore to't; at her wits end.

*Cela.* I must go to the VVorlds end, and must meet

*Philander* there, we shall be ferry'd o're

Into the shades where blessed Spirits walk

To gather Nose-gayes, and sometimes to play

At barley-break.

*Mess.* How prettily her Fancy Wanders?

*Cela.* They lead a sore life in the other Place,

Burning, Frying, Boyling, Hissing, Curling,

There some are put in Cauldrons full of Lead,

And Usurer's grease amongst a Million

Of Catpurpes, and there boyle like a Gammon

Of Bacon that will never be enough.

*Prov.* Alas, will the Cordial never Work?

*Cela.* O 'Tis fine sport to hear a Citty VVife

And a proud Lady howle together there.



One Cryes out ! O! this Smoke I th other this Fire!  
One Curses the day-bed and Garden-walks.  
The other all her Husbands Customers.  
But in the other place we dance and Sing.

### Here she Sings.

My lodging it is on the Cold ground,  
and very hard is my fare,  
But that which troubles me most, is  
the unkindness of my dear,  
Yet still I cry, O turn Love,  
and I prethee Love turn to me,  
For thou art the Man that I long for,  
and alack what remedy.

I'll Crown thee with a Garland of straw then,  
and I'll Marry thee with a Rushings,  
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,  
and merrily we will Sing,  
O turn to me my dear Love,  
and prethee love turn to me,  
For thou art the Man that alone canst  
procure my Liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,  
and be deaf to my pittifull moan,  
Then I must endure the smart still,  
and tumble in straw alone,  
Yet still I cry, O turn Love,  
and I prethee Love turn to me,  
For thou art the Man that alone art  
the cause of my misery.

[ That done, she lies down and falls a sleep.

Prouest { At last it has prevail'd  
Sayer. { ----- Oh in Mercy Heaven to day,  
Restore her Senses or take mine away. [ Exeunt bearing Celania out.

Enter.



Enter Arcon.

Arcon. My Neice whilst she refuses to disclose  
Which she affects, does both to death expose,  
But I've contriv'd a means to end the strife,  
And saving one, destroy the others life.  
If by her Love their fate cannot be known,  
It shall be soon discover'd by their own;  
I've sent to try their Honour and their Love,  
He who possesses most of both, shall prove  
His own absolver, and who ever shall  
Merit the least will best deserve to fall.

Enter Heraclia.

Hera. Though I was once resolv'd to let e'm dye,  
The Princes temper I again will try.  
I then for neither any pity felt,  
But now I find that resolution melt.  
For one of e'm I needs must intercede,  
Yet for the other I alike shou'd plead.

Arcon. She comes! I'll try her! Welcom my fair Neice,  
Come you to bring Philander a Release  
Or Theocles! Which chuse you?

Hera. Sir, I come  
To Implore that you would mitigate their Doom.

Arcon. My Justice and my Mercy in me strive,  
Both to destroy and both to keep alive.

Hera. Both to destroy would look like Cruelty.

Arcon. In saving both I should too Gentle be.

Hera. I'm disoblig'd if you take eithers life,  
Because their Love to me begot their strife.

Arcon. This Intercession must proceed from Love.  
Else so importunate she could not prove.

Yet then methinks, she but for one should sue,  
Affection never hovers betwixt two,  
I'll try which way her Inclination lyes,  
If either she affects the other dyes.

Hera. Why are you silent Sir? your mercy may  
Be shown without consulting or delay.

Arcon. My Justice bids me neither to respect,  
But when I do on Theocles reflect,  
My Justice into Mercy does relent,  
To save him I could easily consent.

H

Hera

*Hera.* Have you forgot *Philander's* manly looks,  
And with what Courage he misfortune brookes?  
Valour enthron'd upon his brow does sit,  
Commanding party yet disdain'g it;  
So brave a Spirit who could not forgive  
By scorning Life he more deserves to live.

*Arcon.* Pardon should to entreating looks be shown;  
*Philander's* Face presents us threats alone.  
He has no winning Feature to allure;  
He has wherewith to kill but not to cure.

*Hera.* Though killing frowns sit on his fore-head now,  
He when he pleases can unbend his brow;  
And then his Face which did appear e're while  
All overcast; clears up into a smile.  
His Face would make a Winter and a Spring,  
What his frowns nipt, his smiles to life would bring.

*Arcon.* Now I'm a little satisf'd, I know  
On whom my Justice rightly to bestow;  
Poor satisfaction made of Grief and Joy  
To be instructed whom I may destroy.

*Heraclia*! I must needs approve your choice,  
*Philander* highly does deserve your Voice.

*Hera.* How Sir?

*Arcon.* His sadness does become him well,  
P'asure does in his graver Aspects dwell.

*Theocles* then must dye:

*Hera.* *Theocles* dye?

The man whom you but now extoll'd so high?  
Your voice exhorts his worth before he dyes,  
As beasts are garnisht for a Sacrifice:  
How can you Sir, brave *Theocles* conceive,  
Too good to dye, and yet too bad to live.

*Arcon.* My Commendations only were design'd  
To try which way your Fancies was inclin'd;  
And since you do *Philander's* worth approve,  
Straight *Theocles* must yeild his Life and Love.

*Hera.* Shall his bright glories in their East decline,  
And must they set before they fully shine?

*Arcon.* Now my distraction's greater then before,  
Hoping to make it less I've made it more;  
Her Fancy's at a loss, and know not whom  
To choose: 'Tis like a gazing Cuid become  
Which when two toys alike do please his eye,  
Cannot distinguish but for both does cry.

[Aside]

[Starts]

[Aside]

Yet

Yet she shall see her Rival-Lovers try'd ;  
 Her Kindness through some blash may be deserv'd.  
*Polynices* ! How find you them inclin'd ?

*Enter Polynices, Philander, Theocles and Guards.*

*Polyn.* Your Trial Sir will best disclose their mind :  
 According to your orders here they are :  
 Both alike hope, and both alike despair.

*Arcon.* The strange affection which in both I see,  
 I can admire, but cannot remedy ;  
 Both Love her whom you both cannot possess,  
 Whilst neither more affects, and neither less,  
 Both being kindl'd with such equal fires,  
 Each to the other's prejudice conspires,  
*Theocles* makes *Philander's* hope in vain,  
 VVho equally does *Theocles* restrain ;  
 My resolution staggers into doubt,

*Polyn.* The hand of Fortune may perhaps find out  
 The most deserving, and whom Fates decree  
 To be most happy they by Lottery  
 May so reveal as may your doubts remove,  
 Blind chance oft guides in blind intrigues of Love.

*Arcon.* Are you content that Fortune shall decide  
 This intricate dispute.

*Phil.* I'll not be try'd  
 By chance, Fortune has cruel been to me,  
 VVhich makes me now desie her Courtresie.  
 Sir, I have felt her Injuries so long,  
 That I presume in this she'd do me wrong :  
 I have so long condemn'd her frowning Brow,  
 That for a smile I scorn to Court her now.

*Hera.* Bravely resolv'd.

*Arcon.* But, *Theocles*, do you  
 Refuse to trust your Cause with Fortune too ?

*Thec.* This Ladies beauty, and the Judge assign'd,  
 Both inconsistent are,

VVhy should a Judge so altogether blind  
 Bestow a prize so fair.

*Phila.* VVe scorn the hands of Fortune, and alone }  
 Request we may decide it with our own ;  
 Let's fight it out. ———

*Thec.* The Sword must end the strife, and the same Bell  
 Ring one his VVedding and the other's Knell.

*Arcan.* Neither does to his Rival yet give place,  
Nor any Index in *Heraclia's* Face  
Does yet discover which she does affect,  
She knows not which to chuse nor to reject.

*V*Will you then both remit it to her choice,  
And either be contented if her voice  
Elect the other, calmly to resign  
His Title.

*Phil.* Calmly, Sir? If she incline  
To *Theocles* then let her bid me dye,  
And willingly I'll on her voice rely.

Let the same Breath bless him, and me destroy,  
'Tis not so much to live as to enjoy.

*Polyn.* 'Tis bravely spoken!

*Hera.* His last charming Breath  
H'as almost won my Love by courting Death.

*Arcan.* His words have mov'd her, in her Face I find  
She quickly to *Philander* will be kind.

But what says *Theocles*?

*Theo.* I only crave,  
That if she bless *Philander* with her Bed,

She wou'd in pitty bless me with the Grave.

*V*Why should I live after my hopes are dead  
If her enliv'ning smile his Love shall Crown,

I beg the mercy of some killing frown.  
Let her Eyes lighten and destroy me so,

I shall be happy in the shades below  
*V*Where in some melancholly *Cypress* Grove,

Transform'd into a Ghost I'll always Love,  
As well as Ghosts may do, for there I will

Be blest in Courting her Idea still.  
*Hera.* I'me lost agen ----

*Arcan.* Ha! she's concern'd! 't was an Error then  
To think she lov'd *Philander*, yet I'll make

Some farther trial, least I should mistake  
Go call in the men.

*Polyn.* Royal Sir I shall. ----

*Hera.* What can these be whom he in haste does call?  
One of my Servants? *V*What can they design

By introducing any man of mine?

*Enter Polynices with two men.*

*Polyn.* *V*What is't that you of *Theocles* can say?

1. *Man.* That he disguis'd himself in mean array

To be admitted in the Princess Train,

Hoping an opportunity to gain

Of ling'ring out her person, when she shou'd

Be hunting next within *Diana's* Wood,

Having resolv'd first to convey her hance,

Then to assault that Love by violence;

Which by his courtship he might well despair of gaining.

*Phil.* These thy black aspersions are

As false as *Thescles* to honour true.

He offer violence? O! Heavens can you

Permit this Blasphemy? can you endure

To see so black a cloud his worth obscure?

Which wou'd (but that he does unjustly Love)

So bright appear, as wou'd all envy move,

*Arcon.* Can you be guilty Sir of this attempt?

*Theo.* Sir.

*Phil.* From such designs I'm sure he is exempt.

*Arcon.* Will you your Rival vindicate?

*Phil.* I must; else to his honour I shou'd be unjust.

*Theo.* Cousin you are too Civil.

*Hera.* Methinks I see

The brightness of *Philander's* Worth increase,

Whilst he would clear the worth of *Thescles*.

Now my respects more evident will grow:

The World *Philander's* equal cannot show.

*Arcon.* I see she fixes on *Philander*; yet

I'll try her somewhat further. Friend, repeat

What of *Philander* you but now confess'd.

2. *Man.* *Philander* Sir deserves not to be blest'd

VVith such a Lady.

*Phil.* Villain? ----

*Arcon.* Calm your rage.

And let your reason passion now assuage,

Till you have heard him out: let him proceed.

3. *Man.* His Glory's are all fully'd by a deed

As black as she is fair: for he has shown

A Cowardise, which he will blush to own.

*Theo.* Detracting Villaine, could *Philander* fly

Each motion of his Sword gives thee the lye,

VVhose fighting took perhaps thy sight away,

As Bats and Owls are dazl'd with the day:

That Sword which brandish'd made all others quake,

blinded thy Eye-sight into this Mistake.



*Polyn.* How equally these Miracles of men do  
Share in Honour?

*Here.* I'm lost again!

*O Theocles*, a parallel to thee  
Can be produc'd by no Chronology.

*Arcan.* Ha! my Confusion then must still remain;  
My Tryals do but more distraction gain.  
They are equally deserv'd and belov'd,

—But if perhaps *Philander* were remov'd  
On *Theocles*, She then may fix her mind,  
VVhich unconstant now, and unconfin'd.

*Polyness*! Convey *Philander* hence.

*Phil.* VVherein have I committed more offence  
Then *Theocles*, that I no longer may  
Have equal Happiness by equal stuy?

*Polyn.* Stand not disputing Sir, you must away. [*Ex. Polin. with Phil.*]

*Enter Provost, Celan. Leu. Canopes, at another door.*

*Arcan. Provost*, you are welcom. 'Tis some joy to me  
That such fair VVeather in your face I see.

*Prov.* If I appear serener then before,  
It is because kind Fortune does restore  
My long lost daughter to me, and to her  
Those wandering senses which distracted were.

*Here.* I heard she was return'd, but that which you  
Relate of her distraction never knew.

*Celan.* You have falsely sed  
That I shou'd find *Philander* here: He's dead,  
Ay me he's walking in some pleasant shade  
Amongst the Ghosts, singing the songs he made  
Concerning Love.

*Prov.* O VVhere's *Philander* Sir?  
She will relapse again, if we defer  
To bring her to him.

*Arcan.* Some of you make hast,  
To bring *Philander* back.

[*Ex. for Philander.*]

*Celan.* Now does he through each pleasant meadow go,  
And then he walks through all the Groves below,  
VVhere when his Eyes shine brightly through the Glades,  
The Ghosts may walk in Groves, but not in shades.

*Prov.* His speedy presence must her sence restore,  
Or it will farther wander then before.

*Enter*



*Enter Polylices, Philander, and Guards.*

*Cela.* Ha! Can *Philander* yet be living, no?

He's not above, but I am sure below.

Amongst the blessed Spirits and at most,

I do but now behold *Philander's* Ghost.

Alas, why fly you Sir? Can Ghosts be coy?

Or is't because none can Ghosts enjoy.

*Hera.* I see;

Except *Philander* there's no remedy.

*Cela.* I'll follow you through every Mirtle grove,

Through all the thickest Labyrinths of Love,

As shadows alwayes with the Substance move.

*Phil.* Madam——

*Hera.* *Celania* I have done you Wrong,

And have suffer'd by my fault too long.

*Arcon.* Now I'm well instructed to proceed;

I see to whom *Heraclia* is decreed,

The Controversy I shall soon decide,

Both now shall live and both be gratify'd,

Here *Theocles*? on you I will bestow.

*Heraclia*!

*Phil.* Ha!

*Theo.* Will she her self say so?

*Hera.* *Celania* to *Philander's* Love does lay

So great a Claim that I must needs obey;

Sir, you have my Consent. I cannot defer

To give my self least I should injure her.

*Theo.* Then I am happy made to that degree,

That the most Fortunate should envy me.

*Phil.* Must I be to *Heraclia* lost?

*Arcon.* You must,

Else to *Celania* you will be unjust.

*Hera.* I weep when I your obstinacy see,

And Sigh when I remember her. Good Sir,

Permit my tears to quench your Flames to me,

And let my sighs kindle your Love to her.

*Prev.* Her Reason has to Love a Martyr bin,

O let your Pity give it life agen!

*Phil.* My heart did first *Heraclia's* captives prove,

To her, I am oblig'd in bonds of love.

*Celania* gave my person liberty

To her by honour I shou'd grateful be,

I owe my self to both, what shall I do?

To be to Love, and yet to honour true.

*Ther.* Coin, the Power does her self honour  
On me, so that whatsoeuer debt you lay,

You, in affection, still to her may owe  
You are oblig'd in honour not to pay.

*Phil.* The true — she has forsaken me, and I am left alone.

*Polix.* You may

VVithout Entrenching on your Love, restore  
The debt you owe to honour, since you see  
The Princess from the other fets you free.

*Arces.* Stand not demurring Sir, give me your hand,  
With that I doubt not but I shall Command  
Celania into health, & know her Eye  
Is fix'd on you as on her remedy.

*Cela.* VVhat do I feel? Can apparitions be  
So liable to Sense? — Or is it he, and living still?

Speak, Sir, may we with truth conceive,  
That you still live, I shall your voice believe,  
Though I distrust my Sences,

*Phil.* I am still

The same *Philander* which you freed,  
*Cela.* And Can you love?

*Philan.* I, there's the question which I knew she'd move,  
Know I can Love, and since that Love does want

Growth in *Heraclia's* bosom I'll transplant  
It into yours,

*Cunop.* Mistress I wish you'd be  
As poyant and as mercifull to me.

*Leno.* I am flesh and blood,  
*Cun.* I would not wed a Ghost.

*Leuc.* I cannot see so good a Serving man  
*Hera.* Dear *Celania* Nought greater can I see

My double bliss in *Thericles* and you.

*Ther.* My Admiration and my Love Control  
Which shall out-ry the other in my breast.

*Phil.* My quarrel here with *Thericles* shall cease  
I choose a Rival and Preserve a Friend.

*Celania* does our Cause of strife remove  
We may shall contend which more I love.

*Cela.* How much am I to love and Fortune  
Finding *Philander* my self have I found.

*Arces.* Those Sences which excessive Joyes  
May be o'ersweild by excessive Joyes.

FINIS

